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## In September, under the Crescent Moon

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Sudye Cauthen

*In September, under the Crescent Moon*

A slight wind lifts the limbs  
of the trees, stretching their webbed vines  
and grapes as heavy as marbles clunk  
across the roof and onto the ground.  
The albino wolf joins her howl  
to the shouts of the Creeks' lead singer,  
pulling our woods into the hoarse net  
of their voices. When the white wolf looks  
into your eyes, she reads your brain  
like a magazine: fifty years of memories  
surmised in an instant.  
The day she challenged her owner,  
he lunged, sinking his teeth  
into her neck with a growl.  
I picture the Creek: muscled forearms gleaming  
in the light of the ritual fire,  
face tilted to the sky, knowing me  
like the wolf does. Their faces merge  
in the trembling design  
of the yellow spider  
whose webbed rings--as intricate  
and fragile as love--now hold  
one pair of eyes, the eyes  
of the Creek and those of the wolf  
in the cross hairs--one steady stare  
under that silver sickle riding the pines:  
Orion's belt where November glitters  
and Leo moves toward us.  
In my night dreams I seize his hooked head,  
bury my face in his mane of stars.